

T H E 'SQUIRE of St. JAMES's.



IT is of a young 'squire I mean for to write,
Who wedded a beautiful Lady so bright ;
Not far from St. James's this couple did dwell,
But as for their names I'll forbear to tell.

It is said this young Squire had a vast estate,
That he and his Lady might live very great :
But having no issue it caused a strife,
Between the young squire and his fair wife.

He said, Surely you are not like woman-kind,
Which indeed it doth very much trouble my mind.
Thus daily he plagues his virtuous wife,
That she has no comfort of her life.

Unto an herb-woman hard by she goes,
And to her her secrets she did expose.
For to have no children it is my hard lot,
And the crossdest of husbands, alas ! I have got.

The woman said, Lady, I know it indeed,
There is no one can prevent what fate has decreed,
A sufficient man your husband may be,
But another may do it far better than he.

If you were to lie with another man,
And he was to try what skill e'er he can
To get you with-child as fortune may prove,
Then you and your husband may live in love.

Away I'll contrive, if you'll not be coy,
That you and your husband may live in joy,
And the poor hornified silly elf,
Will think to be sure he got it himself.

By my troth, says the lady, then I will agree,
For my husband deserves a cuckold for to be ;
And rather than live in such fractious strife,
I'll do any thing for a quiet life.

One day a young countryman proper and trim,
Was walking, the herb-woman said unto him,
Now honest fellow, without more dispute,
I'll help you to a lodging, and money to boot.

Here in my house a lodging you shall have,
And all sorts of dainties that you can crave ;
The countryman he shortly answer'd her quick,
You want to serve me some London trick.

Sir, it is no trick that I mean for to play,
Therefore now give ear to what I shall say :
Here in my house a lodging you shall have,
And all sorts of dainties that you can crave.

She told him the story in every part,
Which pleased the countryman quite to the heart ;
Saying, If I do this young lady enjoy,
I'll warrant she will have a young girl or a boy.

The herb-woman went to the Lady it's said,
And told her how the intrigue it was made.
She and the herb-woman both did contrive
To blind the young squire, as I am alive.

It being the squire's usual way, it is said,
To have a sack-poffet just a going to bed,
They put something in it to make him to sleep,
That she at her leisure might from him creep.

Now the countryman he went to-bed as we find,
But O how the Lady did run in his mind :
At length she came as light as a bird,
Went into bed, and spoke never a word.

To tell you the truth of them in the dark,
He saw not the lady, nor she the spark ;
But six days did he eat and drink of the best,
And every night he and the lady took rest.

Six days did he eat and drink of the best,
And every night he and his lady took rest :
And every morning he did espy,
Ten guineas upon the table to lie.

At length it happened on a certain night,
As he was enjoying of this lady bright ;
They both being toil'd with love-sick charms,
They fell fast asleep in each other's arms.

And slept until it was quite broad day,
Then he beheld this sweet lady gay ;
Who was fretted to think she was served so,
And said to the countryman, Pray let me go.

To think of my folly it grieves me full sore,
But take my word for't I'll come here no more :
Be sure say nothing, and as I live,
A hundred pounds more to you I will give.

So of her spark her leave she did take,
And got home to her husband, who was just awake ;
To make her excuse she did begin,
I have been at my kinswoman's lying-in.

This lady conceiv'd, and had a brave boy,
Which gave to the father and mother great joy ;
But when this fine lady she came to be laid,
For joy of this son a great feast was made.

The midwife said, Surely, this is daddy's own nose,
His cheeks are red and as blushing as a rose,
It has mammy's black eyes, and daddy's round chin.
Was't this a fine jovial lying-in.

So now ever since they lead a sweet life,
No more ill using for his sweet wife.
Besides he is proud of his young son and heir,
And swears he's as like him as e'er he can stare.

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